

NEW SERIES.

VOL. II.]

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THE

CHILD'S MAGAZINE,

AND

SUNDAY-SCHOLAR'S COMPANION.

January, 1832.

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POETRY.

The two Brothers and the Lion .
To a little Boy

Communications, Post-paid, addressed
the Editor of the Child's Magazine,
City-Road, London, will be thankfully
ceived.

*On the 1st of February, 1832, will be pub-
lished, price One Penny, ornamented with
appropriate Wood-Engravings,*

THE CHILD'S MAGAZINE, and SUNDAY-
SCHOLAR'S COMPANION, for February, 1832.

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JANUARY, 1832.



LOST CHILD RESTORED.

A SHEPHERD, who fed his flock on those high mountains which divide France from Italy, took up his summer's

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A

residence not far from Brianson, a town in France. He had a wife and three children: his eldest child, about eight years of age, was an idiot; his second, about five years old, was dumb, and could not speak; and the youngest was a baby. One morning the shepherd and his wife, being out, left the baby in the care of its brothers, who leaving their hut had got to some distance before they were missed. When the mother went to seek the little wanderers, she found the two elder, but the baby was gone; and as the elder was an idiot, and the other dumb, neither of them could tell her what had become of it. The idiot laughed and danced with joy; the dumb boy was almost out of his senses with terror. The day and the night passed away, but nothing was heard of the baby. On the morrow, as the parents were still in search of their lost child, an eagle flew over them. The idiot, at the sight of it, renewed his expressions of delight, and the dumb boy clung to his father and

shrieked with fear. Then it was the shepherd and his wife concluded what had become of their infant; and that it had been carried off by a bird of prey.

A hunter of the Alps had been watching near an eagle's nest, in hopes of shooting the bird on her return. After waiting for some time, he saw the eagle flying slowly towards the rock behind which he was concealed. But what was his horror, when, on its coming nearer, he heard the cries of an infant, and saw one in its talons! He determined to fire at the bird at all hazards, as soon as she should alight on her nest, and run the risk of killing the child rather than leave it to be torn in pieces. He silently prayed, and poised his gun. The ball went directly through the head or heart of the eagle; and in a minute afterwards he snatched the child from the nest, and bore it away in triumph. One of its arms and sides were wounded by the eagle's talons, but not mortally; and within twenty-four hours after it was

missed it was restored to its mother's arms.

Wesleyan Magazine.

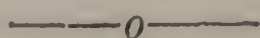
—o—

THE BIBLE.

WE are so accustomed to the sight of a Bible, that it ceases to be a miracle to us. It is printed like other books, and so we forget that it is not like other books. But there is nothing in the world like it, or comparable to it. The sun in the firmament is nothing to it, if it be really what it assumes to be, *a direct communication from God to man*. Take up your Bible with this idea, and look at it and wonder. It is a treasure of unspeakable value to you, for it contains a message of love and tender mercy from God to your soul. Do you wish to converse with God? open it and read; and at the same time look to Him who speaks to you in it, and ask him to give you an understanding heart, that you may not read in vain, but that the word may be in you as good seed in

good ground, bringing forth fruit unto eternal life. Only take care not to separate God from the Bible. Read it in secret in God's presence, and receive it from his lips, and feed upon it, and it will be to you the joy and rejoicing of your heart.

Erskine.



THE AIR.

“You gave me,” said Robert to his father “a very pretty account the other day of *water*, and you taught me by it to admire the wisdom and goodness of God in making things so convenient and useful. Now, tell me something about the *wind*. I feel it, but I cannot see it. Has it as many uses as water?”

“Yes, Robert, it has, and wonderfully shows the power, and wisdom, and goodness of God. You cannot see it, because it allows the light to pass through it almost as readily as if there was nothing at all in the way. It is thin and

light, and admits of the free motions of other things with but little interruption; and yet, when put violently in motion, it is very strong, and will blow down trees, and even houses."

"But pray tell me what it is that gives the wind such a swift motion."

"Among other causes, heat and cold. Heat makes the air swell and become larger, and cold makes it smaller. When it is heated it is lighter, and the heavy cold air presses it upward, and forms a current, as you perceive in the chimney when the fire burns. You see the use of wind when you behold it driving vessels on the river, and turning windmills to grind wheat. The wind also carries about the clouds which water the earth and make springs and rivers. It has the power of dissolving the water that it dries up, so that the light of day can easily pass through it. You see how convenient a fresh drying breeze is when things are wet and uncomfortable."

"Yes, to be sure; and I always like to

go out and play in the fresh pleasant air, and see the grass and grain wave before it when it blows. I always think it makes the birds and the butterflies very happy after damp weather."

"It does, Robert; and, since you mention them, I will call your attention to another good property of the air. Its thinness allows the birds and butterflies to move their wide wings in it with great ease, and its weight keeps them from falling down when they fly. Recollect also that the air keeps you alive. If you cease breathing, you will die immediately. Even the *fishes* live by it."

"What! do the fishes get air under the water?"

"They certainly do, my son. The water itself is full of air. Do you not recollect seeing the fishes constantly moving their gills? Now these gills serve them as lungs, and they attract the air out of the water as it passes through them. If you tie a fish's gills with a string, so that they cannot move,

the fish will die presently for want of air. But see how soft and smooth the air is, and how fine its particles! If the least dust gets into your throat with your breath, it hurts you, and makes you cough. But the air not only goes into your lungs, but by its softness and smoothness runs into every little hole, and mingles itself with your blood, and gives a very pleasant feeling. The air also is the means of *hearing*, amidst its other excellent uses. It conveys sound from one place to another, by which we are enabled to talk to one another, and read and hear every thing."

"Yes, papa; and there is nothing that I hear that is half so pleasant as the beautiful music in the house of God. I shall tell all this to cousin James the next time I see him. And whenever I go to a place of worship and hear the Gospel, and the hymns, and the Minister, and the beautiful music, I shall bless God for making the air, and for giving me a good pair of ears."



CHILDREN, OBEY YOUR PARENTS.

ONE Saturday afternoon, Charles requested permission to go a fishing with his little friend William. There was a river at a little distance. Charles had been several times before, and as he had always taken good care of himself, and returned at the appointed time, his father very cheerfully told his little boy that he might go. Charles and William

soon had their lines and rods ready, and were as happy as boys could be.

They went to the river, but were not very successful; the fish were not hungry, or were too wise to be caught, and would not even taste the bait. William soon became impatient, and proposed that they should go to the pond, about two miles distant, where, he said, he knew they could catch as many pickerel and perch as they wanted. Charles hesitated. He knew his father would be displeased with him if he went; for he had a few weeks before expressly forbidden him to go to the pond; but William continued to coax him, and the idea of having some fine fish to carry home with him was so pleasant and tempting, that he consented to go. But Charles did not feel happy. Can any child feel happy when he knows he is doing wrong? Charles knew he was doing wrong in disobeying his father. But he thought, "My father need not know where I have been."

He forgot the text that many of our little readers may have learned, "Thou God seest me;" and that in disobeying his earthly parent he disobeyed God also.

I said that Charles did not feel happy; and after they turned into the shady lane that led to the pond, William saw by his serious countenance, as he walked along beating the bushes with his rod, that something troubled him, and tried to make him cheerful, by telling him what a fine time they should have, how pleasant it would be to paddle in the little boat; and it was so light they could row it a great way and not feel tired; and when they wanted to fish, they could catch them as fast as they could take them off the hooks.

They soon reached the pond, and found two boats, and unfastened the smallest one without any difficulty. William had been out on the pond several times. His father was a sea captain, and when he occasionally spent

a few weeks at home, he took great interest in trying to teach his son how to manage a boat; and though William was but eleven years old, he understood it remarkably well for one so young.

It was a pleasant, still afternoon, and they soon came to a part of the pond which William remembered to have heard his father say was a good fishing-place. The anchor was a very heavy one, but by uniting their strength they succeeded in throwing it over the side of the boat; and in a little while they were so much interested in fishing as to forget every thing else. The afternoon soon passed away. Charles looked up and saw the last rays of the setting sun coming through the trees, and instantly thought of home and his own disobedience, and begged William to go immediately. William laid down his rod, and they attempted to raise the anchor, but could not move it. They tried again and again, made every possible effort, but in vain. The little boys knew not

what to do. It was fast growing dark, and they were too far from any house to be heard. Charles was naturally a bold, fearless boy, but now he trembled very much; he felt that he was a wicked child, and that his present situation was the consequence of it. William was more calm, and tried to unfasten the rope which connected the anchor with the boat, but found it was impossible. Charles sat down and wept most bitterly, exclaiming, "O, if I had only obeyed my father, I should have been happy at home. We shall be drowned. O, I cannot die!"

God, who is kind and good to us, took care of these little boys. Just at this moment, when they were giving themselves up in despair, they saw some one on the shore of the pond. Charles was too much exhausted with crying, and the efforts he had made to raise the anchor, to speak loud enough to be heard. William told their story, and very soon they saw the large boat com-

ing rapidly toward them. Charles saw that it was his brother John. It seemed that his father, finding that he did not return at the usual time, sent his eldest son to the river for him. When John came to the river, he could see nothing of the little boys, and was beginning to feel much alarm, lest some accident should have befallen them, when he met a young man, who told him they were seen going towards the pond. John hastened there, and relieved them from their dangerous situation. Charles was sincerely penitent. He was freely forgiven by his kind parent, and he did not forget to seek the forgiveness of his heavenly Father.

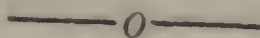
The lesson we would have our little readers learn from this story is, always to obey your parents. We would have them obey their parents, because they will be much happier by doing so. Little Charles exclaimed, while weeping in the boat, "O, if I had obeyed my father, I should have been happy at home!"

We would have them obey their parents, because God has made it their duty. He speaks directly to children in the Bible, his holy word, saying, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right." —o—

(The Tale here versified, is from Mrs. Virginia Gray's Letters.)

Two brothers, once, of merry mood,
 Were sporting in their simple play;
 When, chafed and furious from the wood,
 A lion roar'd against his prey.
 Between them and the help they claim'd
 Was interposed a lofty wall;
 And hark! beyond it, each is named,—
 It is the anxious father's call:
 "O, children, haste! ye shall not fail
 Of safety with your sire and friend."—
 "Folly," said one, "for us to scale
 Yon stones, which men can scarce ascend.
 "See you not that so rough the path,
 So high the wall, its topmost stone
 Ere we could gain, the beast, in wrath,
 Might rend and break us bone by bone?"

"I," said the other, "come what may,
 Will not despise our father's call:
 'Tis safest always to obey:
 I'll strive to climb yon lofty wall."
 He ran, and saw, when drawing nigh,
 A *ladder* reaching from its height:
 Safe now, he turn'd a wistful eye,—
 His mangled brother met his sight.



EXAMPLES OF SUCCESSFUL APPLI- CATION TO STUDY.

IT is our intention in some of the fol-
 lowing pages of our little work, occa-
 sionally, to recite instances of persons
 who by diligence and perseverance in
 study have raised themselves from small
 beginnings to great eminence in the line
 of their pursuits. We shall be gratified
 if any of our young readers feel their
 ardour kindled by perusing such ex-
 amples. The means of improvement
 are placed within the reach of almost
 every one in this kingdom. The press
 teems with cheap editions of the most

useful books, and schools are every where established. Why then should not every child aim at acquiring that knowledge which shall render him useful to his fellow-creatures? Or, why should even the poorest be content to creep silently and unobserved through life? In labouring to acquire knowledge, we cultivate the talent which God has committed to our trust; and by qualifying ourselves for usefulness, we become the benefactors of our fellow-creatures, and fulfil an important duty towards them.

The celebrated *John Hunter*, one of the greatest anatomists that ever lived, scarcely received any education whatever until he was twenty years old. He was born in Lanarkshire, in the year 1728; and, being the youngest of a family of ten, was brought up with foolish indulgence. His time was spent in country amusements; and, it would seem, without ever thinking of any profession by which he might earn a livelihood.

It was, however, found necessary at last that something should be determined on. The family estate, such as it was, had gone to the eldest brother, and John was left without provision to maintain him in idleness. He was destitute of literary attainments; and one of his sisters having married a cabinet-maker, it was resolved that he should be bound an apprentice to his brother-in-law. With this person he continued for some time, making chairs and tables; and it is probable this might have been his employment for life, had it not been for circumstances then deemed unfortunate. His master failed; and John, now in his twentieth year, was left destitute of means to pursue the humble line of life in which he had set out. His elder brother William, afterwards the celebrated Dr. Hunter, had recently settled as a medical practitioner in London, and had already begun to distinguish himself as a lecturer and anatomical demonstrator. To him John de-

terminated to apply. He therefore wrote to his brother, offering his services as an assistant in the dissecting room, and intimating that should his offer be rejected he should enlist for a soldier. Happily for science this letter was answered as he wished. He set out for London, and was there soon put to work in the way he had requested. His brother first gave him an arm to dissect, so as to display the muscles; and his first effort greatly exceeded his instructor's expectations. The doctor then put into his hands another arm in which the arteries were injected, and these as well as the muscles were to be exposed and preserved. So satisfied was Dr. Hunter with his brother's performance of this task, that he assured him in time he would become an excellent anatomist, and would not want employment.

So rapid was the progress which he made in the study of anatomy, that he had not been a year in London when he was considered by his brother as

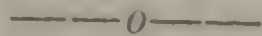
qualified to teach others, and was attended by a class of his own. His talents, and the patronage of his brother, brought him more and more into notice.

We need not trace his progress ; but long before his death he had placed himself at the head of living anatomists, and was regarded as having done more for surgery and physiology than any man that had ever existed.

When his income was yet far from being large, he purchased a piece of ground at Earl's Court, Brompton, and built a house on it as a deposit for his anatomical collections. When most extensively engaged in practice, he used to spend from sun-rise till eight o'clock in his museum. In addition to his private practice, and a very long course of lectures which he delivered every winter, he had for many years to perform the laborious duties of surgeon to St. George's Hospital, and deputy-surgeon general to the army ; superintending also a school of practical anatomy at his own house.

Still he found leisure not only for experiments on the animal economy, but for the composition of various works of importance. He died in the sixty-sixth year of his age. After his death his museum was purchased by Parliament for the sum of fifteen thousand pounds, and it is now deposited in the hall of the royal college of surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is understood to contain about twenty thousand anatomical preparations, which are arranged so as to expose to view the gradations of nature, from the most simple state in which life is found to exist, up to the most perfect and complex of the animal creation, man himself. The extreme beauty of these preparations is striking even to an unlearned eye; and their scientific value is such as to render the collection one of the most precious of its kind in the world. It is certainly one of the most splendid monuments of labour, skill, and munificence, ever raised by an individual.

It is important to remark, that this wonderful man, with all his powers, never entirely overcame the disadvantages of a want of education in early life. He felt his literary deficiencies especially as a lecturer.



SCRIPTURE EXPLAINED.

The usual drink among the Jews was water. There were numerous public wells and fountains, besides those belonging to private houses. It was by the side of one of the former that Jesus sat (John iv. 6, 7) while he discoursed with the woman of Samaria. We read that Jesus was wearied; and sat *thus* on the well, like one wearied with a long journey on a very hot day. How this ought to affect us! He who was God, the Creator of all things, took upon him our nature with all its infirmities, sin excepted, (Heb. iv. 15,) and all this that we might be saved from the punishment our sins deserve.



The importance and value of wells of water were very great. In the days of the Patriarchs we read of the contests between Abraham and Abimelech, and between Isaac and the Philistines, for wells of water. (Gen. xxvi. 18—24.) Moses found protection from Jethro, on account of the assistance which he had rendered to his daughters when the shepherds attempted to drive them away,

and possess themselves of the water they had drawn. (Exod. ii. 17.) The woman of Samaria seems to have thought the possession of a well a proof of Jacob's greatness and power. (John iv. 12.) Caleb's daughter (Judg. i. 14, 15) considered her father's gift of land as not complete without springs of water.

In England, we have but little idea of the value of water in those hot and dry countries; but it was very strongly felt there. Thus David, when desirous of expressing in the strongest manner his desire for the Lord, referred to this very thing. He was in the wilderness of Judah, where he longed for the water from the well of Bethlehem, which he used to drink. (1 Chron. xi. 16, &c.) His soul feeling a strong desire for the presence of the Lord, he also thus expresses himself: "O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is." (Ps. lxiii. 1.)

Our Lord, referring to the manner in

which water had been alluded to by the Psalmist, and the prophet Isaiah, and in other parts of the Old Testament, spoke of himself to the woman as able to give that water which would cause those who drink it never to thirst again. If my readers thirst for this living water, they may remember Christ's own declaration: "In the last day, the great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." (John vii. 37.) Of course he did not there refer to common water; the influences of the Holy Spirit and the fulness of grace in Christ are meant. These blessings we need as much as the Jews did, and they are offered to us as freely; and yet, strange to say, how many there are who will not quench their thirst, but prefer to go on delighting in sin, till at length it consumes them.

Much more might be said about water. I wish my readers to refer to Is. xii. 3; xliv. 3; Jer. ii. 13; Zech. xiii.

1; xiv. 8; and other similar passages. They may also be reminded of the Israelites in the wilderness, and the distress they were in for water, and how God was pleased to supply them by a miracle. St. Paul tells us this refers also to Christ. See Numb. xx. 11; 1 Cor. x. 4.

In Egypt, the inhabitants were chiefly supplied with water from the river Nile, which travellers say is most excellent; so that, when the Egyptians are in foreign countries, they are continually speaking of the pleasure they shall have when they return home, and drink again the water of the Nile. This shows us how great must have been the plague with which they were afflicted, when the water of their favourite river was turned into blood. (Exod. vii. 17—19.)

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JOHN HOWARTH

DIED at Burnley, Sept, 1, 1830, aged nine years and five months. His parents, being members of the Methodist

society, were careful to give him religious instruction as soon as he was capable of receiving it. Very early, John manifested a thoughtful disposition, and at times used such expressions as convinced his friends that the Spirit of God was at work on his mind. When he heard the Scriptures read it was his frequent practice to inquire the meaning of such portions as he did not understand; and his inquiries frequently surprised those who had opportunities of conversing with him in private.

When he was between six and seven years of age, the Lord, in a very special manner, poured out his Holy Spirit on the society and congregation that worshipped at the place to which he was regularly taken. At this time he seemed to be impressed with his sinful condition; and weeping much, said, that he had been a sinner, but that he would be a good boy in future, and pray to God for the pardon of his sins. From this time his inquiries were more particular re-

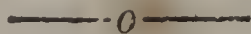
specting the plan of salvation by Jesus Christ. When he was told of the love of Christ in dying for sinners, even the vilest of sinners, and that it was by faith alone in Christ that any sinner could obtain the pardon of his sins, and a meetness for the eternal world; he wondered at such amazing goodness, and expressed his admiration of it. And after this he frequently said, that he did love Jesus, who had shown such great love to him. In the spring of 1828 he was taken with an affection of the spine; his friends tried various means for his relief, and applied to different medical gentlemen, but in vain. Though so young, his long and heavy affliction was borne with exemplary patience. Very seldom did a murmur escape his lips. Sometimes he said he should like to get better, yet if his Almighty Father thought otherwise, he desired only what God saw best to appoint; and he would rather die and go to heaven, than get better and become a bad man.

The last three or four months of his life his sufferings were great, yet in this state of suffering he showed much patience : he seemed to be ripening for a better world. He was naturally of a reserved disposition, yet with his mother he frequently conversed freely. At these times he made inquiries concerning the doctrines of the Gospel, and expressed his views and feelings of their beneficial tendency. He often said, when he got to heaven he should have no suffering body there. But at one time he inquired if the body would not have to go to heaven. When he was informed that at the general resurrection the soul and the body would be reunited ; he said he thought they would at some time. He said to his little brother, who was about four and a half years old, “ George, you will have to be sick and die : you should be a good boy, and do as your father and mother bid you, and pray to God.” At the same time he seemed to comfort himself with the hope of joining the

society of the blessed above; and said, "I shall see my uncle John there, and my mother, but I shall not know her;" (being only nine months old when she died;) "but they will all know me, and know where I came from." Then, turning to his step-mother, he said, "You will all have to be sick and die; you will be coming one after another, and I shall be glad to see you." When asked if he knew that his sins were pardoned, and that he had received the Spirit of adoption to bear witness with his spirit that he was a child of God, he said, "I pray that they may." A few weeks before his death he was asked, if he believed that Jesus Christ had died for him. He said "Yes." He was then asked, "Do you believe that your sins will be forgiven because of Christ's death." He said, "I believe they are." It was said to him, "Then are you happy." He said, "What is it to be happy?" He was answered, "That you are pleased to hear of Jesus, and thankful that he died

for you." He said, "Yes, I do love to hear and think of Jesus, and believe if I die I shall go to heaven." He ever after expressed himself in confidence. Afterwards, he was asked if he had any fear of death? He said he had before had fears, arising from doubts respecting his future state; but he then believed that if he died he should go to heaven. The day on which he died, about nine o'clock in the morning, he was suddenly seized with sickness and vomiting, which returned four or five times during the forenoon. In the intervals he was asked, if he thought he was then going to heaven? He said, he believed he was. And if he still loved Jesus? He said, "Yes." He suffered much till half past four o'clock, when he entered into that rest that remains for the people of God.

RICHARD HEAPE.



CHOOSE that course of life which is most excellent: habit will make it agreeable. God has kindly interwoven our duty and happiness with each other.

P O E T R Y.



TO A LITTLE BOY.

My little friend,
May Jesus send
His peace and love to you ;
Be always near
Your heart to cheer,
And sinful thoughts subdue.
May smiling skies
Above you rise,
And flowers surround your way ;
May lilies bloom
To shed perfume,
And cheer your earthly day.
May you, in youth,
Receive the truth
By God the Saviour given ;
And love his word,
That marks the road
Which leads to bliss in heaven.
Then love and peace,
And joy 'll increase,
And you 'll be free from care ;
And when you die,
God will on high
Receive and bless you there.

Juvenile Miscellany.

THE CHILD'S MAGAZINE,
AND
SUNDAY-SCHOLAR'S COMPANION.

THIS day is published, price One Penny, or six shillings per hundred to Sunday Schools, No. I. of Vol. II., New Series,—being Vol. IX. from the commencement,—of the Child's Magazine, and Sunday Scholar's Companion; containing Thirty-two pages demy, ornamented with appropriate Wood Engravings, prepared for the Work.

The original plan of this little work is still unaltered. Its pages contain short Essays, original or extracted, brief Narratives of interesting Facts, Portions of Natural History, Juvenile Biography, Anecdotes, Accounts of the Happy Deaths of Children, Poetry, &c. To it the attention of parents, guardians, Sunday-School Teachers, and others on whom devolves the momentous task of rearing the infant mind, and teaching the young idea how to shoot, is still solicited; and its Numbers are respectfully offered as a valuable auxiliary in the work

of infant training, and as forming a convenient and appropriate Sunday-School Reward-Book.

If the extensive circulation of any publication may be considered as a proof of its general acceptance, this proof we have; not fewer than *Thirty-Eight Thousand* copies of this Work having been printed monthly during the last year. But there is still another more encouraging fact, viz., that, from well-authenticated testimony, we have ground to believe that its contents have been made a blessing to many. Several children on their death-bed have spoken of the benefit they had received from reading the *CHILD'S MAGAZINE*.

Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, may be had of the Publisher. Price 1s. 4d. each, half bound.

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